Thirteenth Parish Island A Tribute To You

Even though pagans of old denied you the choice of existence,
You remain forever in the hearts of those who would have
belonged to you.

We are each of us exiled to you, forever within our hearts.
We have an access to you, that you have not denied us, as we
were meant to be the children of your land.

You are our mother, and a mother never forgets her children,
For we love you automatically, reciprocated in unfortunate
displacement and exile.

We can be right there with you, in number, even though,
collectively, we are physically somewhere else.

We can live with you, under your wing and love, while physically
Living on another land.

Thirteenth Parish Island has a big heart that is very much alive
For those of it’s citizens, of displacement, and historic injustice
And unfairness.

You are a land of self-sufficiency, that bows down for no other race,
You are a conductor that orchestrates your own unique tune, that
We your exiled, displaced citizens dance to with duty.

There are no other trends that capture us anywhere else in the
World, but the tune, you our land mother plays.

We stay loyal to your tunes, and always have done, regardless of
The cultural pressures of other lands.

I and many others are proud to be exiled to you Thirteenth Parish
Island, a western bastion of the sea, that would have protected the
Land of pagans.

But it was not in the foreseeable plans of those who marinate in
lies, deceit and corruption.

We your exiled displaced citizens will always love and worship
Your ways, loyally and devotedly, as you our mother regularly
Calls out to your children of your land.

We return to your callings and murmurings with duty and
Pleasure.

Away from home us locals remember the characters of variation
that have personalities of their very own.

For good or for bad, nowhere else in the world makes them like we do.

The rest of the world could be sinking into despair, but Thirteenth Parish Island just carries on with it’s own performance and dance, singing, and commemorating, while other nations dance to their Very own woes.

We bow for each other, but bow for no one else.

Every one your districts have a very life and personality of their Own.

I am proud of the fact that I for one, and many others have never Been forgotten, as history and real truth are scribed on every one Of our hearts.

You the mother land did not forget any of your denied children of belonging, and local acceptance.

For that I pay tribute to you, Thirteenth Parish Island, that could have been a western bastion of the sea for the pagans to the right.